

Semi-Weekly Camden Journal.

VOLUME 2.

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THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED BY
THOMAS J. WARREN.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Is published at Three Dollars and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance, or Four Dollars if payment is delayed for three months.

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following rates: For one square (14 lines or less) in the semi-weekly, one dollar for the first, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion.

In the weekly, seventy-five cents per square for the first, and thirty-seven and a half cents for each subsequent insertion. Single insertions one dollar per square.

The number of insertions desired, and the edition to be published in, must be noted on the margin of all advertisements, or they will be inserted semi-weekly until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly.

Semi-monthly, monthly and quarterly advertisements charged the same as for a single insertion.

All communications by mail must be post-paid to secure attention.

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At his old STAND OPPOSITE DAVIS'S HOTEL

B. W. CHAMBERS,
Receiving and Forwarding Merchant,
AND
Buyer of Cotton and other Country Produce,
CAMDEN, S. C.

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FACTOR,
And General Commission Merchant,
ACCOMMODATION WHARF,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
Liberal advances made on consignments of Produce, and prompt attention given to the forwarding of Goods, at the lowest rates.
Aug. 26. 65

JOS. B. KERSHAW,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Equity,
CAMDEN, S. C.
Will attend the Courts of Kershaw, Sumter, Fairfield, Darlington and Lancaster Districts.

W. H. R. WORKMAN,
Attorney at Law, and Solicitor in Equity,
CAMDEN, S. C.
(Office immediately in rear of the Court House.)
WILL ATTEND THE COURTS OF
Darlington and Sumter Districts.
Business entrusted to him will meet with prompt and careful attention. July 26.

F. ROOT,
AUCTIONEER.
CAMDEN, S. C.

PAVILION HOTEL.
(BY H. L. BUTTERFIELD.)
Corner of Meeting and Hasell Streets, and in the immediate vicinity of Hayne and King Streets, Charleston, S. C.

RICE DULIN,
FACTOR AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,
CENTRAL WHARF,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
May 2. 35 11

JON. B. MICKLE.
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Equity,
WINNSBOROUGH, S. C.
(Office in the rear of the Court House.)
may 6. 36 4m

COURTENAY & WIENGES,
BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS
AND DEALERS IN
CHEAP PUBLICATIONS.
CHARLESTON, S. C.
Opposite the Post Office.
Agents for the best Green and Black Teas, and Patent Medicines.
S. G. COURTENAY. G. W. WIENGES.

Marine, Fire, and Life Insurance.
BY THE
Commercial Insurance Company,
OF CHARLESTON, S. C.
CAPITAL, \$250,000, ALL PAID IN.
OFFICE, NO. 1, BROAD-STREET.
PRESIDENT, WILLIAM B. HENRIOT.
DIRECTORS,
JAMES K. ROBINSON, HENRY T. STREET,
GEO. A. TRENHOLM, WM. MCBURNEY,
ROBERT CALDWELL, J. H. BRADLEY,
A. R. TAFT, T. L. WRAGG.

The subscriber having been appointed agent for this Company, is now prepared to receive Proposals for Fire Risks, and will effect Insurance on fair and liberal terms.
Camden, S. C., May 5, 1851. 36 1f

CHARLES A. PRICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CAMDEN, S. C.
Will Practice in Kershaw and the adjoining Districts.
Feb. 4

C. A. PRICE,
Magistrate.
OFFICE AT THE COURT-HOUSE, CAMDEN, S. C.

THE SOUTHERN STORE.

ALL who wish Bargains, are invited to call at K. S. MOFFAT'S new **Southern Store**, third house above the Bank of Camden, where they will find a complete assortment of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES AND HARDWARE, consisting in part, as follows:

Fancy and mourning Prints
7-8 and 4-4 brown Shirtings
Blue Denims and Marlborough Stripes
Satinetts and Kentucky Jeans
Cloths and fancy Cassimeres
Negro Kerseys; Bed and Negro Blankets
Mous. De'aines, Ginghams, &c.

Groceries.

Brown, Loaf, crushed and clarified Sugar
Rio and Java Coffees
New Orleans and West India Molasses
Mackarel, Nos. 2 and 3 in barrels
Cheese, Rice, Flour, Bacon and Salt
Raisins, Pepper, Spice
Tobacco, Segars, &c. &c.

Hardware.

Pocket Knives and Forks
Britannia and Iron Spoons
Trace and Halter Chains
Axes, Hammers and Hatchets
Spades, Shovels and Hoes
Hand, mill and crosscut saws
Vices, anvils and blacksmith's bellows
Nails, brads, tacks and spigs
Knob, pad, closet and stock locks
Iron squares, compasses and plane irons
Brushes, blacking, cotton and wool cards
Broadaxes and steelyards; pots and skillets
Broad and narrow Iron &c.

Ready Made Clothing

Saddles, Bridles and Martingales
Crocery and Glassware
Gunny and Dundee Bagging
Kentucky Rope and Twine

Together with every other article usually found in a well selected stock of Dry Goods, Groceries and Hardware. All of which will be sold exceedingly low for cash.

The highest market prices paid for cotton and other country produce. K. S. MOFFAT.
Dec. 24.

NEW STORE.

THE subscriber is now opening a large assortment of **Groceries and Staple Goods**, in the Store lately occupied by William J. Gerald (south of the Bank of Camden,) which he will dispose of at Charleston prices for cash.

Those wishing to purchase would do well to call and examine the stock, consisting in part of the following, viz:

Loaf, Crushed, Ground and Granulated Sugars
S. Croix, Porto Rico, and New Orleans do
New Orleans, Muscovado and Cuba Molasses
Java, Laguira and Rio Coffee
Gunpowder, Young Hyson and Black Teas
Sperm, Adamantine and Tallow Candles
No. 2 and 3 Mackarel, in Barrels, Half and Quarters
Wine, Soda and Butter Biscuits and Cheese
Soap and Starch, assorted
Pepper, Spice, Ginger, Nutmegs, Mace and Cloves
Powder, Shot and Lead
Hardware, Cutlery, Nails and Castings
Paints, Linseed Oil, Sperm Oil and Wm. & G.

Also—
Bleached and milled Shairings and Sheetings
Blankets, Bed Ticks, Apron Checks and Oznaburghs
Together with a large assortment of
Bagging, Rope and Twine.
J. W. BRADLEY.

Camden, S. C. Sept. 23.
Cash paid for Cotton and other Produce.

NEW STORE.

THE subscriber would inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened an extensive stock of **GROCERIES**, at the stand formerly occupied by Joseph W. Doby, one door south of Campbell's Bakery, and opposite H. Levy & Son, where may be found all articles usually kept in the Grocery line, consisting in part of the following:

Fulton Market Beef
No. 1 and 2 Mackarel in kits, for family use;
Rio and Java Coffees; crushed and brown Sugars;
New Orleans Molasses, (new crop) butter, wine and soda crackers; cheese, buckwheat, raisins, currants, almonds, English mustard, filberts, pecan nuts, assorted pickles and preserves.

Also—
A few doz. old Port Wine, Heidsieck best Champagne, London Porter and Scotch Ale in pints, together a large stock of Bagging, Rope and Twine, all of which he offers low for cash.
Jan. 1. S. E. CAPERS.

Darlington Hotel, DARLINGTON COURT-HOUSE.

THE above House having been purchased and fitted up anew by JOHN DIXON, is again opened for the accommodation of the Public. Strict attention to the wants and comforts of guests will be given, and no effort, calculated to merit the patronage of all who may favor the establishment with a visit, shall be spared.

All that the market and surrounding country afford will be found upon the table.

Comfortable rooms, for families or individuals, are prepared.

The Stables will be attended by careful and attentive hostlers.

Drovers can be well accommodated, as any number of horses and mules can be kept in the stables and lots expressly prepared for them.
Nov. 1, 1850. 86 1f

MANSION HOUSE. CAMDEN, S. C.

THE undersigned begs leave to return his grateful thanks to his friends and the travelling Public, for the liberal support which he has received since he has been opened, (four months) and has entered upon his duties for 1851, with renewed energy to endeavor to please all that may call upon him, both rich and poor. His House will be found one of the most desirable, situated, and best furnished Hotels in Camden. His servants also will be found respectful and attentive, and the table will be supplied with the best the market affords.
The Stables and Carriage Houses are roomy and always fully supplied with Provender, and an experienced Hostler.
An Omnibus calls at the House every morning for passengers for the Railroad. Give me a call and test my motto.
As you find me,
So recommend me.
E. G. ROBINSON.
Proprietor.
Camden, February 7th, 1851. 11 1f

Just Received.

WHITE Lump Lime, a fine article for White-washing, Plaster Paris, Cement Stone Lime, and Land Plaster for agricultural purposes.
For sale by C. L. CHATTEN.
Feb. 25 17

locks of hair could be seen beneath the skin cap. His countenance, from constant exposure to the weather, was swarthy, and a rough, stalwart, brawny frame seemed to the alarmed missionary of gigantic proportions; it had braved the storms of more than forty winters.

Every indication painted most vividly on the perturbed imagination of the missionary the danger that hung over him. The first impulse was to urge his jaded horse into a tight. A second thought convinced him of the hopelessness of the attempt, and, breathing a word of prayer to heaven for protection, he felt to submit to his fate, with a gleam of hope that the desperado, who was but a few yards from him, might, peradventure, spare his life.

The salutation that struck on his ears, in a harsh, guttural voice, conveyed no consolation to his mind, and only served to increase his alarm.

"Hullo, stranger! what are you about there? Where are you riding?"

The reply was given in the language of weakness and submission, and something was added, with indistinct utterance about giving up horse and equipments if his life might be spared. Learning, on further inquiry, that his route was across the river to a settlement some fifteen or twenty miles distant, the supposed robber replied in a voice by no means mild and attractive—"You can't get there to-night—besides, the old ford is washed away, and you cannot find the new one; follow me—I can fix you."

The term "fix" had an ominous import, but the exact degree of outrage implied in this new form of speech, was not very clear to the missionary. But there was no alternative. He was alone and wholly unprotected; he was small in stature, of slender make, and no weapons but spiritual ones, and successful resistance was hopeless. He knew not the path to the river, and were he to attempt flight, the death dealing rifle might stop him. So he turned as directed into the trail and followed the guide. As they slowly rode in "Indian file," through the tall grass with points of timber and brushwood for the space of two miles, the missionary drew a fancy picture on his imagination of a cave and a gang of robbers, who would soon "fix" him, or determine his fate. He breathed more freely when he found only a single cabin a rough looking stable for horses, and a cornfield of a few acres, with no signs of accomplices.

"Light, stranger, and take your saddlebags—'I'll fix your horse."

Taking his saddle-bags on his arm as directed, he entered the cabin through a low door way.—Here was a woman and three children, but their personal appearance and dress might or might not indicate danger to the traveler. On her head was a covering of coarse cotton, called, in the language of a past generation, a "sun-bonnet." It nearly hid her face from human observation.

Reaching forward a stool, the only salutation given was—"take a seat by the fire stranger."

Recollecting what Ledyard and other travelers have said of the humanity and hospitality of the female sex, the missionary mused on the probabilities of escaping with life; feeling a degree of reconciliation to the loss of his horse, his saddle-bags, and the contents of his purse, which last contained but a few dollars for travelling expenses. In his saddle-bags were divers articles of apparel, which he could spare, and there was the pocket bible, the gift of a mother now in heaven, a hymn book, and a small package of neatly written sermons, which had cost him several months labor, and as he fancied, were admirably adapted to disperse the clouds of ignorance that brooded over the inhabitants of Illinois.

In the meantime the settler, hunter, or robber, in whatever vocation he might appear, had replenished the fire with some logs of dry hickory, while the busy housewife was preparing the homely meal.

It consisted of fried venison steak, "corn dodgers," and highly flavored coffee, with the appurtenances of fresh cream and excellent butter.

The missionary, who had eaten nothing since the early dawn, and was cogitating whether feminine humanity would not afford him a morsel in the corner where he sat, was startled with the invitation—"Sit by, stranger, and take a bite." If surprise and gratitude were the first emotions, amazement followed, when the apparent robber implored the blessing of God in a sonorous voice, closing with an expressive Amen!

Bewildered and confused, the missionary forgot to eat, until repeatedly reminded by his now apparently hospitable landlord, and the kind-hearted wife, that he did not eat—"Perhaps he was not used to such fare"—"Would he take a sup of milk." He did not seem to regain his appetite until the officious house-wife brought on her platter of honey, gathered from the hollow sycamore, and made divers apologies that her larder contained nothing he could eat.

After supper the landlord commenced religious conversation, with the inquiry—"Are you a professing man, stranger?" The question relative to church membership was propounded in a novel form and did not convey to the mind of the missionary exactly the idea intended.

"You looked mightily *skered* when I found you on the prairie. I reckon you was sort o' lost."

Still the replies were vague and confused, and it was not until the owner of the cabin, in a loud and animating tone, struck up the favorite hymn of the followers of Wesley—

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky—

In which his wife joined, that the missionary was relieved from his perturbation, and could converse calmly. The hymn was followed by a characteristic prayer: in which the "stranger," was affectionately remembered at the throne of mercy, to which the wife responded with several audible groans. Conversation followed the evening oblation, during which the missionary disclosed his profession, and his object in traveling, and received due proof for his previous backwardness. But had not the heart to tell his fears and sufferings from the apprehension of robbery and murder from a kind-hearted local methodist preacher in a "backwoods" disguise, who was the first man to preach the gospel to the scattered population on the borders of the Grand prairie, east of the Okau.

Next morning the missionary led in prayer, and after an early breakfast the hospitable preacher saddled his own horse, with that of the missionary, and piloted him to the 'new' fording-place across the river, several miles in the direction towards G—

Giving the parting hand, with a severe but affectionate grasp, the valedictory was,

"Now, stranger you know where my cabin is—don't pass without giving me a call, and stay long enough to give the people a preach."

The missionary found a field of labor in a new and growing village, among a population quite as intelligent and virtuous as the people of his native State, and a church edifice, a sabbath school and bible class arose under his labors.

The Methodist preacher, whom his brethren at quarterly meeting, never suspected of having been mistaken for a robber, in due time doffed his wolf skin cap and leather hunting shirt, became clad in the cotton garments, spun and wove by his industrious wife, made a large farm, prepared a spacious 'camping-ground' for the annual consecrations, and witnessed the conversion of many sinners under his own labors.

The missionary acknowledged to the writer, when he revealed, in a somewhat confidential manner, the story of his fright, that he was but half educated when he came into Illinois.

Both these men had their appropriate spheres of usefulness, to which they were fitted by nature, habits, education and grace, and both many years since received the plaudit "Well done thou good and faithful servant—enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

GEORGIA SCENES.

SCENE 1st—RAIL ROAD CARS.

A planter of Darlington District and two Alabamians, who are travelling together.

"Well gentlemen how far are you travelling in this direction, if I may be so bold?"

1st Alabamian—We are going to Alabama where we reside. How far are you travelling?

Carolinian—I am going to Florida to look at the country, I live in Darlington District, South Carolina.

1st Alabamian.—Well sir, can you tell me what your state is going to do? will she secede or not? We have attended the Convention of Southern Rights Associations in Charleston, and from the indications there, we are induced to think she will secede. Are we right, think you?

Carolinian.—Why sir, I am a plain man, without education, and am not a politician; but unless I have mistaken the spirit of the people, the State will secede.

2nd Alabamian—God grant that she may—that is as what we want. Let her secede, and Alabama will send to her assistance 30,000 men, if she needs them.

The scene now shifts to
A Stage Coach—two Carolinians, two Georgians, and others, passengers—time just before day.

1st Georgian—(to our planter of Darlington)—You say, sir, you are going to Florida, to look at the country? perhaps you are running away from this secession humbug, that now rages in your State.

1st Carolinian—Stranger, I did not come of a running stock, and will not hear such insinuations. What little mite I have I'm willing to risk in South Carolina, until the question is settled. I expect to do nothing else.

1st Georgian—O! I did not intend to reflect upon your courage, personally, but I really think your people bluster and say more than they intend to stand up to.

1st Carolinian—Well, sir, upon what do you base your conclusions? is it upon the history of the past? Where was South Carolina in the Mexican war? Did not Shields say in South Carolina that no braver regiment trod the battle fields of Mexico than the Palmettos? Did he not say he would to God he were a Carolinian?

2nd Carolinian—A merchant of Charleston (interposing to change the unpleasant tone of conversation.) Although I am also a South Carolinian my friends, and believe in the right of secession—I do not think it would be prudent for South Carolina to secede alone—it would ruin the commercial prosperity of Charleston—it would drive the trade to Savannah.

2d Georgian—Who was supposed to be asleep—that is the very argument that was used to prevent Georgia from seceding—it was to ruin Savannah—it was to drive the trade to Charleston. Sir it is a perfect humbug—if South Carolina secedes, she will be commercially one of the most prosperous countries in the world. I do not pretend to advise South Carolina what to do, but if she secedes I am with her and Georgia will be with her.

About this time the stage drove up to the breakfast house—the bell rings and the Passengers hasten to their meal.

Darlington Flag.

A sprightly little girl being ask—"What is nothing?" replied—"Shut your eyes, and you will see it."